

MONTGOMERY BELL BULLETIN

PUBLISHED BY
THE STUDENTS *of*
MONTGOMERY
BELL —
ACADEMY

it is indeed my weird foe, waiting with supernatural patience for my death; and then my flesh shall be the meat of a grisly feast. I have not looked behind me since he came, but now, when my head begins to swim, and my heart's action has become almost imperceptible, I will turn and dispel any doubts in my mind as to my visitor's character—Oh, God, it IS he!

J. E. GUFFIN, '33.

The Party Line

QNE cold day in February, 19—, Jake Austin, ex-cow-boy, seaman and boxer, walked slowly towards his boarding-house on First Avenue, which actually boasted of a telephone (although they were all on the same line) and running water in each room. He was cursing his hard luck in being out of a job for two months, and thinking of all the things he could do with a little money.

Suddenly, the glaring headlines of a newspaper lying in the street caught his eye. Picking the paper up, he read: "BANDITS SHOOT TWO POLICE IN ATTEMPTED HOLD-UP!" Further down he noticed a reward of \$2,000 for capture of the two men dead or alive, and also a description saying that they were short and had dark complexions, probably Spaniards. Gosh! What a lot of things he could do with that \$2,000 if he could get it. Why, hadn't Daisy Brown, the prettiest girl in the lower part of town, promised to marry him if he would save up some money! But, of course, he didn't have a chance and turned on to the comic page without another thought of the hold-up.

That night, not being able to go to see her, he thought that he would call up Daisy. Picking up the phone, he started to put in his call when he suddenly heard somebody talking in a foreign tongue. Now, while he had been sailing, he had had a girl in Cuba, and through her he had learned a little Spanish. Being curious, Jake thought that he would listen to the conversation. Suddenly, he started.

Why the people were speaking Spanish and he could understand a little of it: "—too dumb to know Spanish—all right—at eight-thirty sharp—Ninth and Broad—Plumber's Drug Store—sure! easy—no—well—what about the two cops—what—oh, them—they will never find out—well, so long." And the parties hung up.

Jake, while hearing this conversation, was trembling all over and in somewhat of a daze. The operator's "Number, Please" awakened him and with a hasty pardon he hung up.

During the conversation he had not thought of what he had read in the paper, but now it all came back to him: Spaniards, hold-up, cops, \$2,000. Gee! they were the men.

He began to wonder if he, by any chance, could capture the men. Imagine what he would gain, \$2,000 and Daisy, too. Now Jake, being a law-abiding man, had not a gun; neither had he the means with which to purchase one, but he still had a lasso which had been given to him in Utah. He decided that he would make a try at it. He laid his plan——.

He glanced at his watch and it showed eight o'clock. If he hurried he would have time.

After a brisk walk he arrived at his destination at eight twenty-five. Five minutes to get ready. He saw that next door to Plumber's there was a closed store. Hastily crossing the street, he stepped into the doorway. He uncoiled his rope, made himself a loop, and waited. Eight twenty-nine! A black sedan stopped in front of Jake's. Trembling, he drew back, but luckily it was dark and the persons in the car did not see him. Two men jumped out and started for the store. Silently, Jake trailed them. The men, with automatics in their hands, stepped into the store and sharply ordered the clerks to "Stick 'em up!" Jake, seeing the two side by side, spread his loop, gave it a spin, and let go. He had not been called the best roper in Utah for nothing. Swift and sure the rope sped to its mark and settled over their heads. Giving a quick jerk which pulled them over and knocked their guns out of their hands, Jake ducked around the corner and pulled with all his might.

Two cursing, swearing men came tumbling out and Jake jumped on them. Two swift rights put them out and then he began yelling "Police!" at the top of his voice.

Police came, got his name, the men, and let him go.

The next day he was called to the courthouse and rewarded for the capture of the two men.

* * * * *

Years later, Mr. Jacob Austin, wealthy broker, tells his grandchidren how he won his first \$2,000 and his Daisy.

HAROLD WHITEMAN, '36.

The New Preacher

AND in conclusion ob dis here speech ob de evenin', ladies and gentlemen ob dis here congregation ob Kingharbo, I wish to distress my one an' whole id'a ob de evenin'. Alway' remember dis one thing, brothern and sistern ob dis here great congregation ob Kingsharbo: 'A man's best friend am his dogs.'—Amen."

The soft and mellow Alabama moon was shining at its brightest this night, as Rastus Abraham Timothy Brown and his ninth step-cousin, Josephus Washington Edison Jones, who was thought by Rastus just the smartest black boy in the six surrounding counties, walked with a slow, meandering step towards the shack in which they lived.

To get to their resting place it was necessary for them to cross the town burial grounds, the Smithsonian Cemetery, and later cross three cornfields and a watermelon patch, or else take a long three mile out-of-the-way road. This night, however, neither of them was going to tramp three miles extra, although both darkies preferred the long route at any other time. Not that they were at all superstitious; no, they just didn't want to take any "bob-wire" off the fence, as they were going out of the cemetery.

As their steps brought them slowly to the front of the lonely, moonlit cemetery, Rastus suddenly shuddered, and

then looking up at the dignified Josephus exclaimed, "Man, is you as scared as I is upon entering this place?"

"Don't be foolish, Rastus," came the reply. "Don't you happen to know that there ain't no such things as ghosts?"

"Maybe you is right, maybe you is right, Josephus," exclaimed Rastus, "but I sho' has ma doubts."

Nevertheless, when the wind gave a sudden lurch through the towering trees, just as they had set a quivering foot inside the cemetery, Josephus found himself twelve feet further towards the center of this place than he had expected to be at the time of his last footfall.

They were carefully guiding their steps toward the opposite side of the place, and with close observance, were growing bolder at every step.

As they approached the middle of the place most dreaded by most darkies, Rastus said in a very brave voice, "I sho' wish I could meet the devil hisself now and all of them ghosts put together."

He had no sooner finished these brave words, when a voice came from a large tombstone not ten feet away from them: "I'll take the little one, and you be sure to get the big one." "They must be talking about you and me," stammered Josephus, with a piteous whisper.

"Well, hurry up and grab the biggest one, an' I'll get mine, an' let's get going," the voice exclaimed.

"Ye-e-o-o-o-w!" yelled Rastus, and in the next split second he had reached the end of the graveyard. He took the fence like a greyhound. Faster, faster and still faster, he tore through one cornfield and then another. As he reached the home stretch, his feet almost took wings as he dodged the watermelons that lay in his path. Faster and faster he raced, like a shot from a cannon.

Having hurdled the garden fence he dashed frantically into the shack. The pressure which he used to shut the door shook the shack. As he turned around with a sigh of relief he happened to think of his ninth cousin, Josephus, although he hated to think of what was happening to him now.

Suddenly he looked around with a start, as a voice from under the bed said, "What took you so long to get here, black boy?"

"Josephus!" cried Rastus.

The next morning Brother Jackson, the new preacher of Kingsharbo, stopped in to see Rastus and Josephus, while making a few friendly calls.

"You know, Jackson," said Rastus, as he carefully lifted his feet out of a tub of hot water, "I fully agrees wit you on the speech you made last night, a man's best friend sho' am his dogs, yes, sir."

"Ah thank you, Rastus, thank you."

"Oh, say, by the way," exclaimed the new preacher, "did you last night happen to see on your way home two men carrying a big and a little jug. The sheriff caught them last night about an hour after my sermon was over. They had gotten the liquor out of the cemetery, they claimed, and I just thought you two boys might have seen them."

A half smothered sigh was heard from both the boys, and nothing was said for the next five minutes. Josephus and Rastus just sat and stared and stared.

DON LINTON, '34.

Getting up Early in the Morning

I HAVEN'T been able to understand yet, why I can't get used to getting up early in the mornings, though I have had it told to me time and again that one can get used to anything.

Various remedies have been suggested, such as alarm clocks, friends trying to wake me, and lectures on great men who attributed their success to getting up early in the morning, but all to no avail. I would either turn off the alarm clock or let it run down. If it were a friend waking me I would turn over long enough to thank him in uncertain tones and then back to sleep and to dream about my getting to be energetic like my friends. A friend of the family gave me a lecture and used Washington, Jefferson, and Franklin

as examples of famous early risers, but I asked if Aaron Burr and Benedict Arnold were not early risers, also. Then there have been millions, even billions, of people who rose early that were never written up in an encyclopedia.

Someone, hearing of my malady, told me the story of the early bird catching the worm; but, like the team of Moran and Mack, I wanted to know who wanted a worm. Then I took time and pains to explain that it was wholly the worm's fault that he was caught, because if he had stayed in bed a while longer he would have missed the "early bird."

The temperature, I think, has much to do with my dislike of getting up. In the winter I hate to get out of my nice warm bed and into the cold room. Dante said that lost souls are effectively punished by such sudden changes in temperature as these. Why should I get up early, then? If I can keep only a few men as great as Dante, on my side, I will be satisfied.

In the summer the sheets are so cool, and my clothes are so warm, that I just can't get up. I crave coolness, so in bed I lie. The sun is beating down in all of its white glory outside, while inside, with the shades down, it is very comfortable. There still is no sensible reason in rising early.

I have no proof that my fate would be like that of the chickens, but all of a chicken's life he obeys the rule, "Early to bed and early to rise," and then he usually ends up with his head being cut or wrung off and his body being used for food. The owl, on the other hand, who everyone knows, stays out all night and sleeps all day, usually lives to a ripe old age and dies intact with no fears of his body being used for food.

Does rising early have anything to do with your ability to enjoy life; does it affect your health, or does it give you personality? If it does any of these three things it must be wonderful, but I doubt if I will ever practice it.

Maybe I will some day be able to rise early, even want to; but I have a faint idea that it will be I, who will be asking for an extra five minutes to get out of my coffin when Gabriel blows his horn.

CURTIS M. BABB, '33.

A Letter Home

AND, Mother, the streets of Nantucket are something really to write home about. Main Street, on which we live, as you know, is still paved with its original cobblestones, some hundreds of years old. Many artists line both sides of this street, as it is considered one of the world's most perfect streets, artistically. The other streets, though paved in the modern way, are either lined with trees, or are made beautiful by houses resembling Colonial antiques.

The houses all look like antiques externally, but on the interior are as modern as anyone could wish. Up the street from our house is the residence of Mr. R. H. Macy, of Macy's in New York; his home is considered one of the most perfectly preserved Colonial homes in the country. There are many other beautiful homes, but considering the number of rich New Yorkers who inhabit or rather infest the place, there should be.

The first sight I had of the island from the boat was the tip of the lighthouse on the coast; then around a bend lay a multitude of sailboats. Finally we caught sight of the dock and Mrs. Hill pointed out the Yacht Club, "where, incidentally, we play tennis every day, if you please," and was very much shocked at my ignorance when I inately inquired whether one had to swim out to one's boat. Every time Bob and I chug out to Bob's boat in the Yacht Club's powerful launch, I want to kick myself!

Bob and I do many things of interest of which I will write you later, but now there are so many other things which I must tell you. For instance, the president of the bank here, when he was asked why he continued to pay four per cent interest when many other banks had cut down on interest, attracted nation-wide attention and a mention in the "New Yorker" by replying that he never had taken to reading those old financial magazines anyway.

I have had my first look at "genywine" moors; they are not at all as I had imagined them. They are slightly rolling lowland covered with short grass, stub oaks and stub

piners; however, Mrs. Hill says that the summer visitors miss the pretty part of them, as in fall they turn different colors just as trees do, and resemble a rainbow on the ground. There is a riding stable on one of these moors for the saddle-minded. As Bob is still under age, he sneaks the car out on the moors and practices. So you see, they have many uses.

There are many beautiful views of the ocean to be found; the most beautiful, in my opinion, is at Madaquet, a small fishing settlement located a mile or two from the city proper; where, on moonlight nights, one can see the ocean and the white caps, looking rather like dusty diamonds, rolling in, and combined with this, the faintly winking lights of lighthouses or ships at sea.

The sail boats, being another of the novelties here, are an endless source of fascination to me. There are many types or nautically speaking, classes. The first, the pert little 12-footers called the "Rainbows" because of their colored sails. Of course, these present a very pretty picture, their sails contrasting sharply with the blue-green of the sea; but their pertness takes away from their dignity. The next class is the slightly longer and a little more dignified (I never have learned to spell this surely) "Toppentot," then the still longer and very stately "Indian," and beyond those three, I haven't learned to count.

Mrs. Hill gave us an interesting party the other day; she chartered a yawl and took a number of people on a sailing picnic. We anchored off a small island and went swimming while Captain Wheldon, owner of the yawl, an old Nantucket character and an excellent seaman, by the way, cooked our supper: clams, bacon, hot rolls, broiled live lobsters, and also ice cream brought packed in dry ice. We all had a swell time.

Tony Sarg, the famous cartoonist and "marionetter," has a summer home here, and also maintains a small trinket shop which he sargishly calls, "The Green Umbrella." I went in the other day and bought remembrances for all the

family. I was utterly fascinated by the array of goods and ingenious whatnots.

Good night! I must rush away; Bob has just come in with the news that there is a rumor that Jean Harlow is staying at the hotel here, the White Elephant, and we are going out to verify the report. See you soon.

Affectionately,

SON.

IMPRESSION OF PENNSYLVANIA STATION,
NEW YORK CITY

Milling humanity; bustle; surging crowds. . . Vastness . . . Joyful greetings; tearful farewells; impatient waiters . . . Cries of greeting and farewell; amplifiers booming forth incessant schedules. . . The waiting room, a melting pot. . . An immense silver Ford trimotor; urchins and prosperous men alike crowding around it. . . The Travelers' Aid desk; I stop to ask a question. . . The woman behind the desk, polite, efficient; a woman sits beside her. . . A woman with tear-stained eyes and a dismayed look. . . Lost? Deserted? I've often wondered. . . Her money stolen? . . . Maybe. . . Suddenly the call for my train; a red cap with glistening teeth. . . The iron grilled gates slide back noiselessly; the click of punched tickets. . . I stop and turn around for a last look; the last forever, perhaps.

TOMMY MALONE, '33.



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Montgomery Bell Academy lost one of its best friends in the death of Judge Robert H. Ewing, '61. Although he was the Academy's oldest alumnus, nevertheless, he displayed an unfailing interest in anything in which this school was concerned during all the years after his departure from the school.

He would frequently come out and visit us, and his addresses here have been inspirations to many of the boys that heard them. He entered into any activity of the school in which he could be of help. This was evidenced by his

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ready participation in the alumni declamation contest, held in 1930, when, representing his decade of the '60's, he declaimed before a large audience a selection which he had used some sixty years before.

Judge Ewing was a man whom any school might be proud to hail as one of its sons. He was a man always interested in any worthy cause, and always devoted himself to it with great energy. It was this devotion and energy which helped to a very great extent the Watkins Night School to its present great proportions.

He was the honored holder of many high offices, including that of mayor of Nashville. He was for many years a trustee of this school and always had its best interests at heart. His life was full of kind, generous deeds; his actions were never questionable nor off-color. His was a life which must be a shining example for everyone of our students, past, present, or future. He is well deserving of those lines from the poet Horace, "*Integer vitae scelerisque purus*," which appear in his "In Memoriam."

Montgomery Bell has recently had some additions to its Board of Trustees. These three new acquisitions to our guiding hand are Edwin Keeble, '21, a rising young architect; Charles Moss, '20, city editor of the Nashville Banner, and Judge Thomas H. Malone, '86, a well-known Nashville lawyer. These have all shown a great interest in the school since their graduation, and we know they will all devote themselves sincerely to this new work.

The Montgomery Bell Alumni Association, which was formed last spring, has done a great deal of work and no end of good for the school since its founding. It elected for its officers, Clinton Clark, '19, as president; Edwin Keeble, '21, and Wm. Martin, '22, as vice-presidents, and Hubert Kuhn, '23, as secretary. An executive committee consisting mainly of alumni of that decade was also elected.

With the co-operation of the school, they started out on a drive for new students which was highly successful considering the times. Whereas many schools fell off in attendance this year, M. B. A. held its own and through the unceasing work of this Association, filled the desk of each departing student with a new one. They are to be heartily congratulated and thanked for this untiring effort and never failing interest in their school.

The Woman's Auxiliary held their first meeting of the year on November 4th. This admirable organization has done much in the past toward the betterment of the school and we are sure that this year will be no exception.

Every term in every English class the students are assigned certain books which are to be read outside of class. Owing to the fact that the reading of these books is necessary in order to pass the English course, all of the students manage to struggle through this assignment. But all too many stop here. The moment they have finished the reading which is absolutely required, a great many of the students never open another book until the next assignment is made.

M. B. A. has a fine library; in fact, a very excellent one, considering the size of the school. Besides most of the really worth-while novels which are of interest to a prep school boy, there are volumes of biography, history, poetry, etc. No matter what the subject a student may be interested in, there is some book which deals with that subject in the library.

It may happen, however, that you are one of those individuals who have no thoughtful curiosity about this life. If that is the case, select some novel and try reading it. You will be surprised how much you can learn from the simplest story. And certainly there is nothing so entertaining indoors as to read some novel of Thackeray, Hugo, Dumas or Dickens. Try it, boys!

At the time you read this, Thanksgiving is only a few days off. Ever since you have been old enough to go to school, teachers have been reminding you that Thanksgiving is not primarily a day on which to stuff yourself with turkey, or spend your time looking at, or playing in, a football game; but that it is really a day on which to give thanks for the many things of life that you enjoy. Not that football games or turkey dinners are wrong—oh, no. They are just two additional things for which to be thankful.

The depression is still here. People everywhere are wondering when there is going to be a resumption of activity in the business world. Will prosperity never turn the corner? What is the matter with the world, anyway?

Many families are being hard-pressed to maintain their previous standard of living, and many boys are wondering if they shouldn't quit school and try to find work. They wish to help bear the burden of feeding and clothing their families.

It so happens, however, that jobs are scarce. It is very improbable that one out of ten boys could find employment if they spent their entire time searching for it. The best idea, therefore, is to remain in school and prepare yourself for the future, when, with the inevitable recovery of trade, you may have a chance to get a much better position than any you might find today. With the proper education back of you, there will be twice as much chance of your keeping a job when you do get one.



WARNER PARK

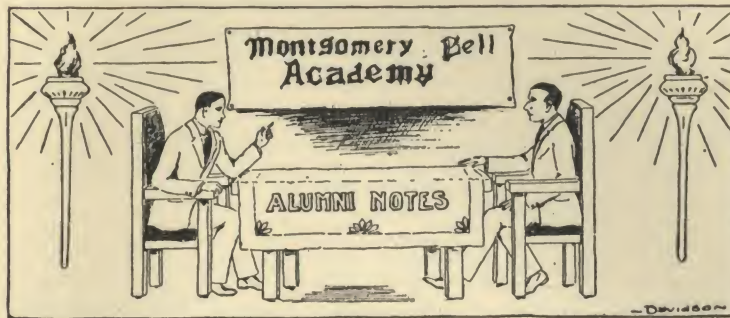
I watched the smoke curl up on high,
 Into the lonely winter sky.
I saw the hill, the rocks, the rill,
 Spread beneath me cold and still.

The hills lay cold, and dull, and bleak,
 Towered by one lonely peak.
The air was chill, and lightly swirled,
 As it were of another world.

Not a bird was seen or heard,
 Nor anyone to speak a word.
I was all alone; and dark,
 Lay that once glad and lovely park.

All the life had gone in hiding,
 Silence everywhere abiding;
Here was a change the heart to grieve,
 On that bleak December eve.

WILSON GREEN, JR., '34.



The following appeared recently in the Nashville Banner among other sketches of its editorial staff. It is well deserved. It might have been added, however, that Charlie Moss began his journalistic work on the M. B. A. Bulletin, of which he was editor in his senior year:

CHARLES McCORD MOSS

A Tennessean, born and bred in Nashville. Educated at Montgomery Bell Academy and Vanderbilt University. While still in school Charles Moss worked as part-time newspaper reporter, and also founded the Masquerader, Vanderbilt's comic magazine. Was member of Sigma Chi Fraternity, Blue Pencil Club and Calumet Club. On Hustler Staff, and literary editor of the Commodore in 1922-23. While in Vanderbilt, he contributed to "Driftwood Flames," a volume of verse. He spent two years in Cuba in the sugar industry, returning to Nashville in 1926 to resume newspaper work. He inaugurated the journalism class in Watkins Night School in 1929. Became city editor of The Banner in 1929, and is responsible for news gathering, for reportorial assignments and the immediate direction of the local news staff. His job is akin to that of a combat captain in the army or a quarterback on the football field. How well his youthful enthusiasm, fine

intelligence and executive ability has accomplished this difficult and high tension work can safely be left to readers of The Banner.

This brings to mind others who have passed from Bulletin editorship to the field of journalism and letters. To these, in recognition of their achievements, a few years ago the commencement number of the Bulletin was dedicated.

Among those mentioned in that issue were John F. Essary, '99, Washington correspondent of the Baltimore Sun, and some years since President of the American Press Association.

Tom Sims, '18, nationally known paragrapher and humorous writer, in recent years on the staff of "Life".

Merrill Moon, '20, credited already with a volume of poetry which was awarded the prize by the South Carolina Poetry Society for being the most outstanding book of poetry published in this country during that year.

Russell J. (Pete) Baird, '20, on the staff of the New Orleans Times-Picayune.

J. P. Needham, '09, on the New York Times.

Robert Jakes, '24, on the Nashville Banner.

Tom Little, '18, on the Nashville Tennessean.

Albert Noble, '28, on the Chattanooga Times.

The list is not complete, but it is an interesting group whose first efforts were sponsored by the Bulletin.

* * *

W. Moultrie Ball, '26, and James O. Bass, '27, after handling satisfactorily their last year's work, are again this year at Harvard, where the former will complete by June the requirement for his M.A. degree, the latter his second year in the Law Department. In spite of the depression, they report a good many Southern boys in the Harvard post-graduate schools—ten of them being Sewanee men.

* * *

Harry Mustard, '32, who in all probability would have entered some college in the state, registered in September at Johns-Hopkins in the academic school, his father having been chosen as one of the professors in the Johns-Hopkins Medical School, which caused a move to Baltimore.

* * *

Jimmy Blair, Malcolm Poage and Charles "Bud" Pearson, all of '32, have loomed into prominence in Sewanee Freshman athletics, occupying as they do the positions, in order named, of center, full back, and quarter on the Freshman team. Blair is captain of the team.

* * *

Joe Myers, '29, is a regular end on the Vanderbilt team. He was responsible for one of the touchdowns in the Vandy-Maryland game at Washington recently.

* * *

Jimmy Kranz, '30, and Isaac Ball III, '30, have earned at Sewanee membership in the Scholarship Society, the former holding, in addition his Phi Beta Kappa record by a safe margin. Both these alumni have been upholding their M. B. A. traditions in Debating Society work during the past two years, each having represented Sewanee in several in-

tercollegiate debates. They will likely be members of the Debating team again this year, which, by the way, has several New York and New England dates.

* * *

Our Vanderbilt group of '32 are Richard Ellis, George Bentley, William Lambeth, Jack Kershaw.

* * *

Our most distinguished alumnus diplomatically is Ralph J. Totten, '94, during the World War Consul-General for the United States in Western Europe; at present, U. S. ambassador to the United South African States, with headquarters at Cape Town.

* * *

Charles C. Trabue, '87, is President of the Tennessee Bar Association.

* * *

Judge John H. DeWitt, '90, was re-elected President of the Tennessee Historical Society, the periodical of which, the Tennessee Historical Review, is edited by the Rev. W. A. Provine, '84.

* * *

Brownlee Currey, '19, Alfred Sharp, '19, and Buford Wilson, '17, who, in the readjustments following 1929, were obliged to form new connections, have continued in the stock and bond business, the first having organized the Equitable Securities Co., of which he is president; the second a member of the firm of Sharp and Brooker; the third is similarly with the firm of Jack M. Bass—all three with offices in the Nichol Building.

* * *

Theo Srygley, '20, for some years in charge of the Science Department of the High School at Port Arthur, Texas, has been elected principal.

* * *

Walter E. Lowe, '20, is principal of the Goodlettsville, Tenn., High School.

Julian M. Blair, '10, professor of physics in the University of Colorado, paid the school a visit just about the opening of the September term.

* * *

James M. Avent, '15, is still endeavoring to safeguard Standard Oil interests in China. His headquarters were at Harbin, Manchuria when last heard from.

* * *

Harry B. Speier, '22, after some years of service with Bradstreet's in West Virginia and elsewhere, has this year been put in charge of their Memphis branch.

* * *

Claude E. Jackson, '19, has his headquarters at Modesta, California, the center of a system of truck lines which he has built up for himself, and with which he serves a wide range of the fruit growers' country.

* * *

Lloyd Smith, '20, is manager of Buford Bros. Company on Second Avenue.

* * *

Mizell Wilson, '16, practicing law in New York City, was this fall nominated by the Democratic party for the State Senatorship from Westchester County. Westchester, a Republican stronghold, is usually good for a Republican majority of 25,000. While he did not win his race, Mizell polled 67,000 votes to the Republican candidate's 77,000.

* * *

Jack Morton, '29, was elected head of the chemical fire department of the University of the South. He has been captain of this year's football team at Sewanee.

* * *

Ward Phillips, '28, captain of last year's football team at Sewanee, was awarded the Porter Cup for being the best all-round athlete at the University. The presentation was made at the

graduation exercises. Phillips had earlier been captain of the freshman team, and was recognized as a leader at the University.

* * *

Paul Stumb, '19, has married Miss Grace Cavert of Nashville. The ceremony took place in Wightman Chapel, Scarritt College, on November 2nd.

* * *

Edgar Jones, '22, has married Miss Katherine Blackmore of Rochester, N. Y. He is a graduate of Montgomery Bell and of Vanderbilt. He is on the staff of the Strong Memorial Hospital at Rochester and instructor in the Medical School of the University.

* * *

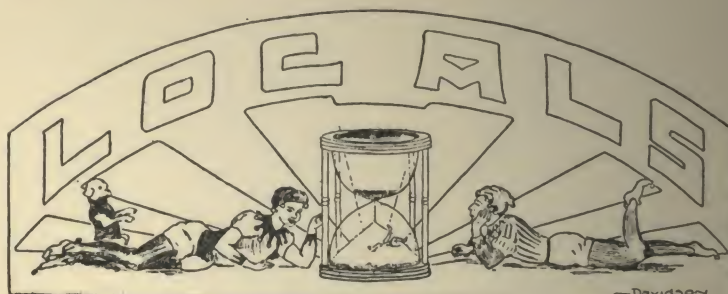
The Montgomery Bell Academy board of trustees elected three new members at its annual meeting at the Chamber of Commerce. These were Judge Thomas H. Malone, '86, Nashville attorney; Edwin Keeble, '21, architect, and Charles Moss, '20, city editor of the Nashville Banner.

* * *

Sydney Keeble, '20, ran as an Independent candidate for the House of Representatives subject to the Davidson County Democratic primary. He received his education at Montgomery Bell Academy and Vanderbilt. He is a member of the law firm of Keeble and Keeble; is vice-president of the Exchange Club, and past president of the Junior Chamber of Commerce. He is also a member of the board of directors of the Nashville Automobile Club and of the Nashville chapter of the American Red Cross.

* * *

William Martin, '23, was recently elected Floterial Representative from Davidson and Wilson counties. He received his education at Montgomery Bell and at Vanderbilt. He has been made secretary of the Davidson County National Democratic Club.



EXCHANGES

Whether owing to the depression or not—pretty much everything is charged up to the depression nowadays—the crop of Exchanges that have so far reached us is slender—one from Texas and one from Tennessee, “*The Pilot*,” of the Port Arthur, Texas, High School, and our old and honored acquaintance, the Hume-Fogg “*Echo*,” of Nashville.

The first of these, a typical school newspaper, is a very creditable sheet with all the departments of the school well represented. In this there is a special tribute to the new principal, Theodore Srygley, M. B. A. '21, by the way, who has this year been raised to that position after being for several sessions in charge of the Department of Sciences.

We shall welcome all your other issues as they appear.

The Hume-Fogg “*Echo*” maintains in general its usual style of dress, which in a school paper we approve. It is a well written and well organized publication, combining school news with literary composition, which again we heartily approve. The stories are well written. The Sports Department might possibly be improved by enlarging it, but we have seen many a paper, as well as many a school hurt by giving too much prominence to its sports. We think, however, that the “*Echo*” is trying a hazardous experiment

in running a serial story in its pages. These very seldom prove justifiable in school papers.

* * *

As for the M. B. A. BULLETIN, it is, like a good many others, running somewhat behind schedule for a variety of reasons, some of which, since moratoriums are extremely common nowadays, the business management could explain without much difficulty. But it will keep appearing, and will find its way to all of its old acquaintances, to whom it wishes the full support of their student bodies, lots of ads, and a prosperous session of 1932-33.

* * *

A BLUE BIRD

A blue bird flew into the sky,
Singing a song of joy on high.
She winged her way
For many a day.

She flew up high and down quite low
Into a land where small streams flow.

Spring was in the air—
Days were warm and fair;

She was searching for a mate,
Then at last she met her fate—
Her manner was shy
As she fluttered by.

He followed her in a manner bold,
For she was lovely to behold.
They're gone to build a nest,
And you can guess the rest.

—Richard Reid.

Mr. Burrows: McKelvey, do you drink?

McKelvey: Is this an investigation or invitation?

* * *

Weber: Williams, why did you give that lady your seat on the street car?

Williams: Because with that strap in her hand she reminded me so much of my mother.

* * *

Mr. Burrows (in Math class, as class was looking out the window): Well, I guess you've never seen a lawnmower before.

Voice from rear: We've seen a lawnmower before, but we've never seen janitor John Duncan pushing it before.

* * *

Reid and McKelvey have sprung an interesting question: Who got Petey Harris' vote, Hoover or Roosevelt?

* * *

Harris: You stayed at home yesterday, didn't you, Paul?

Startup: Yeah! How did you know?

Harris: Oh, I saw your shirt hanging on the line.

* * *

Mr. Davidson (in Little Papa's): This steak is like a cold day in June—very rare.

Manager: And your bill is like March weather—unsettled.

* * *

Mrs. Ball: Farris, in which one of his battles was Alexander the Great killed?

Farris: I think it was his last.

* * *

Reeves: Ma, that dentist wasn't painless.

Mrs. Reeves: Did he hurt you, son?

Reeves: No, but I bit his finger and he yelled just like any other dentist.

* * *

Johnson: Gee, but I've got a lot of electricity in my hair.

Hatchcock: You ought to have. Your hair's attached to a dry cell.

"AIN'T WE GOT PUNS?"

Mr. Early (in French): Malone, what is a scarab?

Malone: That's one of them guys that ride around on the desert on camels.

* * *

She was only a real estate agent's daughter, but she certainly knew a lot.

* * *

She was only a photographer's daughter so she sat in a dark room and awaited developments.

* * *

"That girl doesn't smoke, drink or neck; she's simply archaic."

"Well, we can't have archaic and eat it, too."

* * *

Fast Talking Girl (to ticket agent): Two to Duluth.

Fresh Ticket Agent: Toodle-dee.

* * *

This has gone far enough, but it was devoted to Phillip.

To Phillip Who?

To Phillip Space.

* * *

The following were elected to the school committee at the recent elections:

3rd Form—Whiteman.

4th Form—Reeves, Frazier.

5th Form—H. Sharpe, Bequette.

6th Form—Hurn, Lawrence, Malone, Harris.

School-at-Large—Lambeth, Startup, McKelvey.

* * *

The following were elected as class officers:

3rd Form—W. Trabue, president; F. Cherry, vice-president.

4th Form—Moss, president; F. Thompson, vice-president.

5th Form—McKelvey, president.

6th Form—Hurn, president; Harris, vice-president.

* * *

Why wasn't Hurn at school at election day, Nov. 8, 1932?

A burglar who had entered Mr. Davidson's house awoke Mr. Davidson. "If you move you are a dead man," said the burglar. "I'm hunting for money."

Mr. Davidson: "Wait, and I'll hunt with you."

* * *

Howell: Why didn't the devil learn to skate on ice?

Moss: I don't know—why?

Howell: Where in hell would he find ice?

* * *

McKelvey: 'Fessor, I have a cold or something in my head.

Mr. Burrows: A cold, undoubtedly.

* * *

NONSENSE

"I use Burp's hair restorer."
—Hurn.

"Smile and the world smiles with you."—Thornton.

Football squad after practice: "Whoopie!! There's no hot water!"

School as Whole: "Heck, I don't have to come to Saturday school."

Messrs. Davidson, Burrows, Early: "We haven't given any time today."

* * *

Mr. Ball (in physiography): "Hite, what is the fall line?"

Hite: 'Fessor, that's an avalanche.

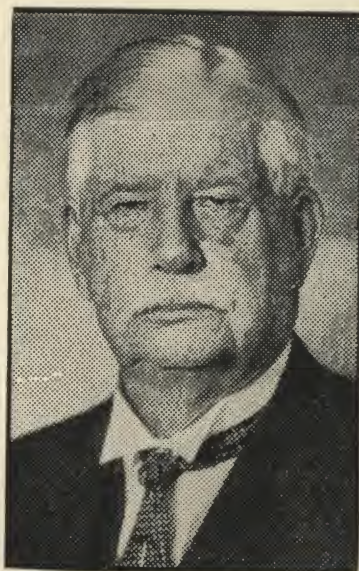
GOOFUS

A man walked into a real estate agent's office. The agent, with an eye for business, asked him: "Do you WANTLAND?" The man said he did, so the real estate agent said:

"Here is a piece of land you will like. It is in the COUNTRY where the roosters rise EARLY. The grass is GREEN and there is MOSS on the trees. On the premises is the shop of a POTTER and also one of a SHU-MAKER. There are no SHARP STONES. There is a SMALL house and a YOUNG orchard with CHERRY trees and JOHN-SON grass. A WHITEMAN is caretaker. In the orchard there are two BROOKS. There is a well with CHILE water. On the farm is an OX and a COW. Also an old HUDSON, and the only thing EWELL need is a crank to TURNER over."

"How do you get there?" asked the man.

"You go on Pillsbury's Lane past two BURROWS and then past the railroad STATION. Then you STARTUP a long hill and turn WRIGHT at the first road, and keep on this road till you pass a hill, bald at the top, called MOUNT BALL. It is just beyond that."





Starting out the season with a wonderful team on paper, ineligibilities, withdrawals from school and failures to return to school greatly weakened it. However, Coach Chile Hardin has worked wonders with a light and inexperienced team, a team that was considered by sports writers as lucky if it won a game. A great misfortune was the ineligibility of Captain Petey Harris, all-state fullback of 1931, and perhaps the hardest running back in the State. Harris also did all the punting and carried most of the offensive on his shoulders. Then the ineligibility of Lowry Dodd and the withdrawal from school of Jack Wheeler hurt. Then the failure of Buddy Hooker, Fred Wells and Shorty Yates to return also dimmed championship hopes. With what was left, and only two regulars from last year's team, Chile has done a wonder.

M. B. A., 6; WALLACE, 0

In a defensive game, M. B. A. won the first game of the season from Wallace, 6-0, when Briscoe recovered a fumbled punt over the goal line. The game was a punting duel between Hurn of M. B. A. and Buchanan of Wallace, with Hurn having a slight edge. Both teams played fine defensive football, but their offense lacked lustre. For M. B. A. the play of Babb, Brooks and H. Sharp stood out in the line, while in the backfield the play of Hurn and Startup was outstanding. For Wallace, the play of Morrell and Harde-man in the line, and that of Buchanan and Farris in the backfield stood out.

M. B. A., 0; C. M. A., 33

Playing against a potent state championship team and outweighed approximately 30 pounds to a man, M. B. A. bowed to C. M. A., 33-0. C. M. A. scored soon after the opening whistle and held a 20-0 advantage at the half. M. B. A. was unable to make a first down against C. M. A.'s big forwards. For M. B. A., the line play of Babb and Sharp was outstanding, while Captain Hurn played his usual great defensive game. For C. M. A., Davids in the line and Derryberry and E. Gordon were the stars.

M. B. A., 42; TATE, 0

Playing against a light Tate team, M. B. A.'s offensive clicked for the first time this season in rolling up 42 points, while the defense allowed Tate not even a first down. Startup scored two of M. B. A.'s six touchdowns, and the others were contributed by Mittwede, Briscoe, W. Sharp and Hurn. All extra points were converted. Briscoe, Babb and B. Sharp were the stars in the line, while Hurn and Startup won the honors in the backfield. All Tate fought hard, but were outclassed from the start.

M. B. A., 6; B. G. A., 0

M. B. A. went into the B. G. A. game again the underdog, but came out on top, 6-0, due to a 60-yard run of Bequette's after intercepting a pass. Up to this break both teams had battled evenly, with B. G. A. constantly in scoring position and going once to the one-foot marker; but M. B. A.'s line always repulsed them. Startup, Hurn, Babb, H. and B. Sharp stood out for M. B. A., while Cody, Cave, Venable and Gracey were the stars for B. G. A.

M. B. A., 0; MORGAN, 12

Playing for the first time without the services of Curtis Babb, star tackle and sure "all-city", who went to Montana, taking Buckner with him, and without the services of Harmon Sharp, regular guard, M. B. A. fought a game but losing fight against Morgan, the final score being 0-12. Allison

made Morgan's first touchdown on a reverse, and Cashion made their second on a pass. M. B. A. drove to the 3-yard line before the half ended the drive. For M. B. A., the play of Phelps, Hurn, Startup, and Mittwede stood out, while Allison, Phillips, Street and Cashion were Morgan's best.

M. B. A., 0; BAYLOR, 6

M. B. A. again was the underdog in the game with Baylor, yet played its best game of the season. M. B. A. repeatedly threw back Baylor within the shadow of her goal posts. Baylor's touchdown came when M. B. A. fumbled a punt, when, with the aid of a penalty, Charley Anderson, a local boy, made the touchdown. M. B. A. played a marvelous game and deserved a tie at least. For M. B. A., Hurn, Startup and Farriss starred, while Perkins and Ellis were best for Baylor.

The Following Medals and Prizes Are Awarded Annually at Montgomery Bell Academy



1. The Upper School Medal for Scholarship.
To the student of the Fifth and Sixth Forms making the highest average.
2. The Lower School Medal for Scholarship.
To the student of the Third and Fourth Forms making the highest average.
3. The Upper School Medal for Declamation.
Awarded by contest at Commencement to the best speaker of the Fifth and Sixth Forms.
4. The Lower School Medal for Declamation.
Awarded by contest at Commencement to the best speaker of the Third and Fourth Forms.
5. The Martin Medal, by Mr. Wm. M. Martin.
Awarded by the decision of Faculty and Athletic Coach to the student who, through character and influence, shall have done the most to set and maintain in himself and among his fellows the highest type of sportsmanship. He must be a member of some regular athletic team of the school—not necessarily the football team—and must have done fairly good work in his studies.
6. The Dartmouth Prize in English.
A gold watch fob, offered by Edwin R. Frost, M. B. A., '26. To be awarded for the best piece of literary composition, prose or verse appearing in the Bulletin during the year.
7. The Prize in Mathematics.
\$10.00 in gold to the Senior Mathematics student with the highest average of the year.
8. The Morris Frank Prize in History.
\$10.00 in gold, offered by Morris Frank, M. B. A., '24, for the highest average in History.
The competitors for this must have been at M. B. A. more than a year, and the average will be made of the marks in all the History courses they have had *at this school*. More than one year of History is required.
9. Two form prizes of books are given for leadership in the High School forms other than those in which Medals Nos. 1 and 2 are won. Also a book prize each to the leaders of Forms 1 and 2.

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DECEMBER, 1932

NO. 1.

The Ghoul: A Tale of the Supernatural

IT is six P. M. Night is here, and with it the last hours of my life. The uncanny stillness which pervades the atmosphere of my chamber, recalls to my mind for the thousandth time a similar night over twenty years ago. Would that I might forget that night! But this I shall never do until the time when death will claim me—a time, as I have said, in the immediate future. However, I must hurry if I am to finish this gruesome tale of mine, for long before the first gray streaks of dawn appear in the East my body will be reduced to a fleshless mass of bones.

At the time this incident took place, I was a trifle past my twenty-ninth year of age. The son of a successful banker, I had always lived in luxury; and none of the unpleasant realities of life were known to me. My parents were ever anxious to satisfy the slightest whim of their only child, and even when I chose the daughter of a street beggar to be my wife, they offered no opposition to my desire.

Ah, well I remember her, my wife of two short weeks. Behind her prosaic name of Mary there was as wonderful a character as ever existed in this or any other world. The moment I first saw her, on one of my frequent visits to the slums of the great city in which I lived, my heart was my

own no longer. To attempt to describe her would be a sacrilege—neither her beauty nor her spirit could ever be transferred to a piece of parchment in the form of mere words. They are beyond the pale of human expression.

But alas! The period during which I enjoyed the presence of this wonderful creature was extremely short. Two weeks from the day on which our lives were joined in matrimony, Mary was attacked by a venomous reptile while walking in our garden, and died an hour after in terrible agony. As plain as though it occurred only yesterday, there appears in my mind a picture of how, in my grief, I flung myself upon her lifeless form, and uttered such awful oaths and blasphemies that the attendants hurried from the room in horror.

On the day following my wife's death, I had her body sent to our family mansion in the northern part of the country. By the side of this century-old building was the vault in which all of our family for generations had been buried, and I wanted Mary to rest there where it was planned that I should be interred.

The corpse was placed in a downstairs room, the door of which was tightly locked. I then pocketed the key, and together with the few of my most intimate friends who had accompanied me to be present at the funeral, ascended to the bedrooms on the second floor. I bade them a brief good-night, and entered my chamber, where I prepared for bed as quickly as possible.

For several hours I tossed restlessly about, striving to forget my sorrow, but in vain. When I closed my eyes, Mary's musical voice seemed to be calling me; when I opened them, her radiant figure appeared to me in various poses which had become dear to me.

Realizing at last that any further endeavors to sleep would be futile, I arose and donned my dressing gown; and thinking that perhaps an actual glimpse of my beloved's face would compose me, I quietly opened my door and descended the steps. There was not a sound to be heard other than my soft footsteps. A death-like stillness seemed to

reign over everything, and noticing this, I wondered. Could it be that my grief dulled my sense of hearing, or was there some real reason for the weird quiet? At the moment this thought passed through my mind, the old clock in the lower hall struck eleven, but its deep, sepulchral notes seemed only to intensify the silence.

Smiling inwardly at the slight premonition of danger which this stillness caused me, I advanced to the room in which the body lay. Inserting the key in the lock, I pushed open the door, and started to enter; but at the horrible sight which met my eyes, I stood motionless, unable to speak, move, or even to think. The memory of that scene even now, after these twenty years, inspires within me a qualm of excessive terror. Before the casket in which my beloved reposed, a shapeless monstrosity stood. The face of the Thing was besmeared with blood, and, horror of horrors, even as I stared, he carried to his mouth with one of his filthy claws a fragment of what could only be human flesh.

As the Thing raised his startled eyes to mine, a few lines by Poe flashed through my mind:

"They are neither man nor woman;
They are neither brute nor human;
They are *ghouls*!"

And as I realized from whose body his sustenance came, my fear was replaced by a terrible wrath, and with a thundering voice I exclaimed:

"Halt, foul fiend! Desist, inhuman monster! How dost thou dare to desecrate the body of the dead? Away, away, abominable wretch!"

The ghoul glared at me with his flaming orbs.

"Oh, mortal, so thou dost begrudge me my just due? Then I will go, but only to return—for you!"

Allow me to omit the details of the interment. Suffice to say, I kept the knowledge of the grisly occurrence from the others; and although they perhaps wondered why I had gone down in the middle of the night to secure the lid of

the coffin, for thus they found it the following morning, I failed to satisfy their curiosity. Tonight, for the first time, I am committing these gruesome details to this sheet of parchment.

My secret has haunted me ever since that night. A week has not passed without my awakening from the most horrible nightmares to find myself bathed in a cold perspiration. Small wonder that I am an old man, both physically and mentally, at the age of fifty.

Last week, for the first time since my wife's burial, I returned to the old mansion. My object was to have all of the caskets removed from the family vault, and transferred to a new one in the city; but the day I arrived here I fell ill with some strange malady, which I am unable to identify. My condition has steadily grown worse, and even as I write these lines, I feel my heart beginning to falter.

My valet, the only person who accompanied me on my visit, left to fetch a physician as soon as I became ill. I pleaded with him for hours not to leave me here alone, for the threat of the ghoul constantly recalled itself to my mind, but the worthy fellow evidently decided at last that I was delirious, and disregarding my pleas, hastened to depart. He left four days ago, and although there is a village only a score of miles distant, has not yet returned—why, I can only guess. Luckily, I had him fix me quite a supply of food, and there is a faucet at my bedside from which I may obtain water. My appetite has been very slight, however, and I have consumed only a part of the victuals.

A chill pervades my frame. My pulse grows slower minute by minute. Is this the end?

But now to reach the point of my story. Behind me, as I write, something is standing. It was the knowledge of the presence of this thing that caused me to write this story, for what can it be other than the ghoul waiting for my death?

Oh, how I have endeavored to believe otherwise, but in vain. Some strange intuition tells me beyond a doubt that